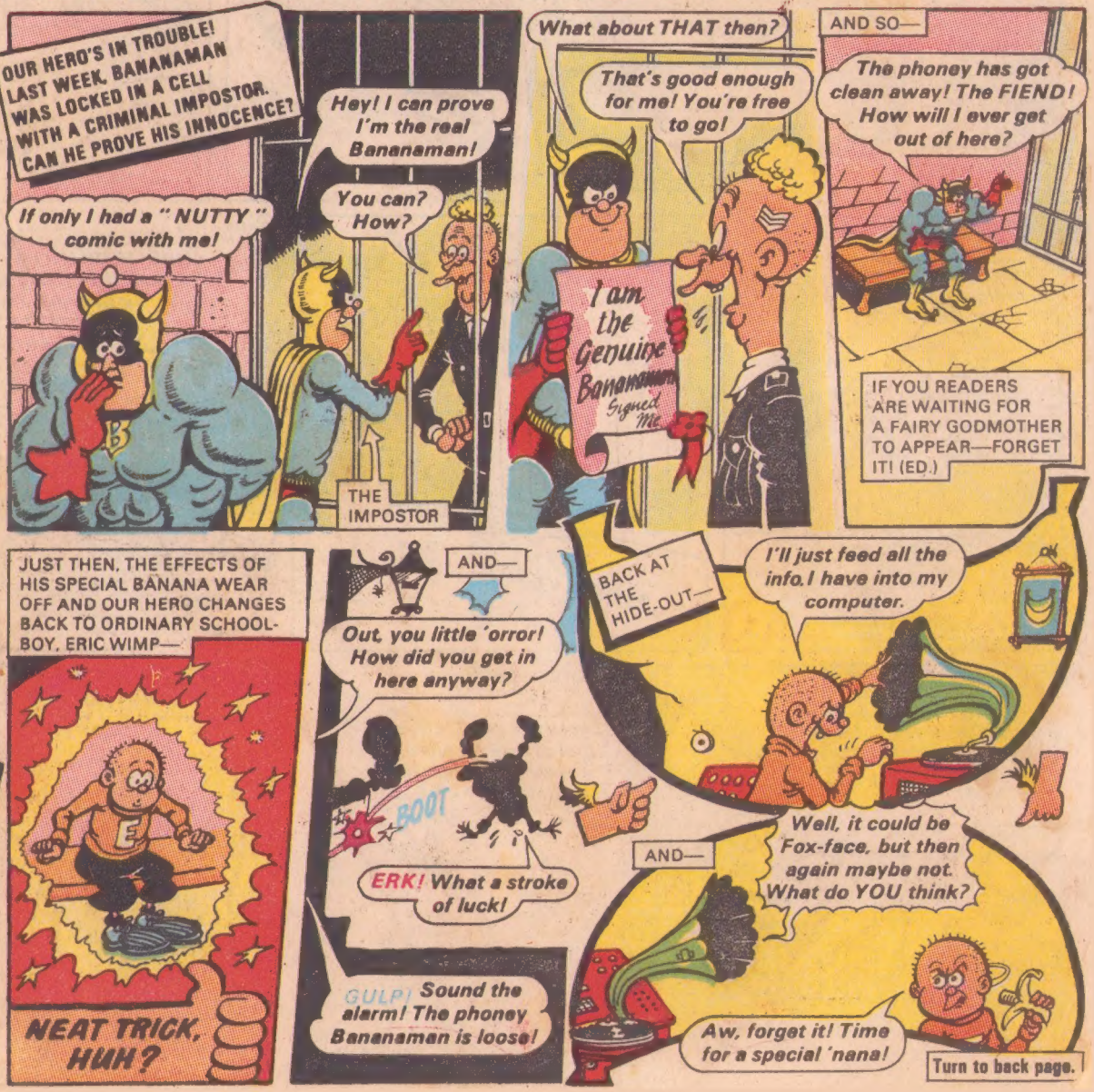
Don't Dilly-Dally – DOODLE! SEE PAGE 22

NUTTY

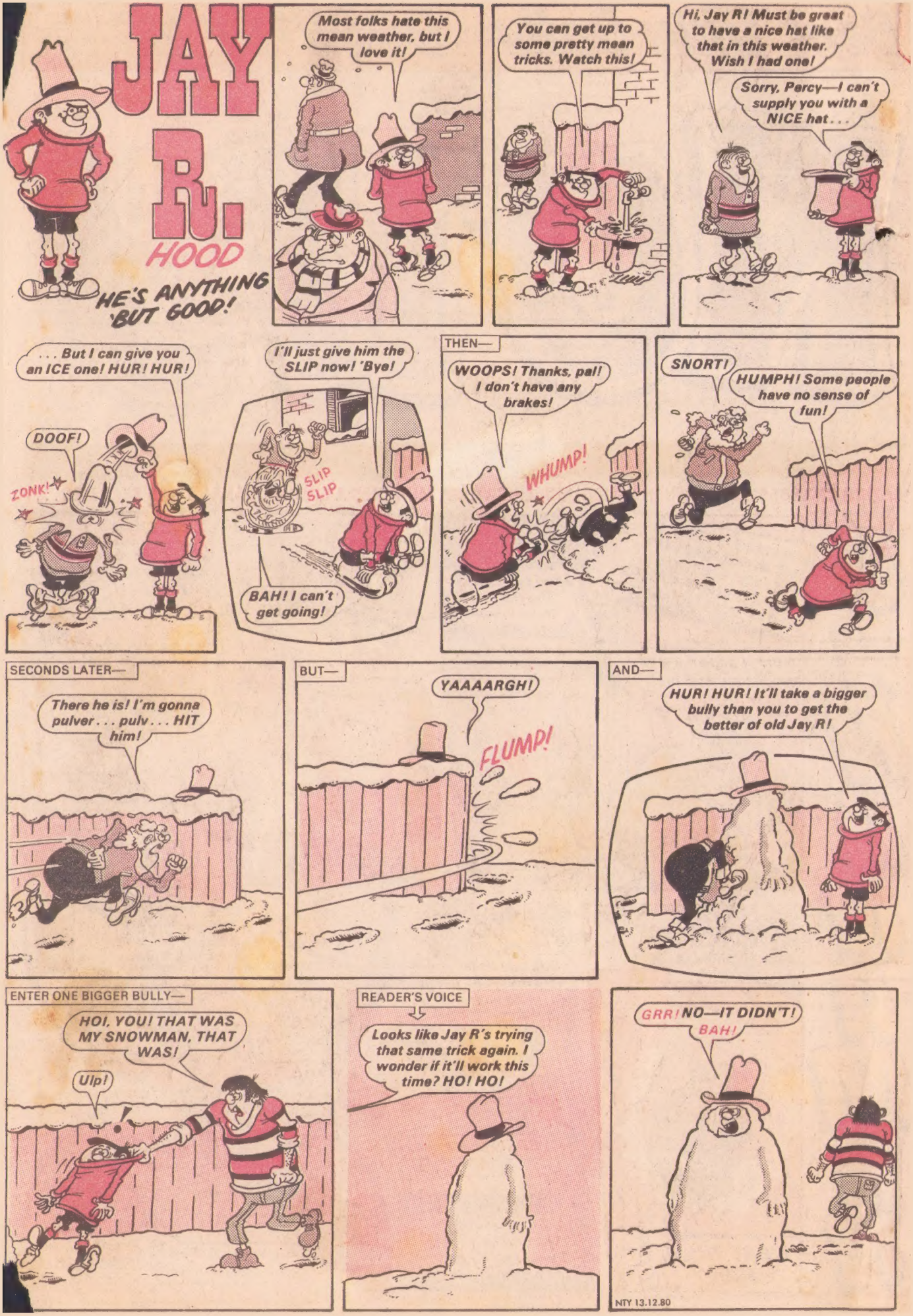
DECEMBER 13th, 1980 No. 44 EVERY SATURDAY 10p

AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN SCHOOLKID, ERIC WIMP, MUNCHES A SPECIAL BANANA AND BECOMES . . .

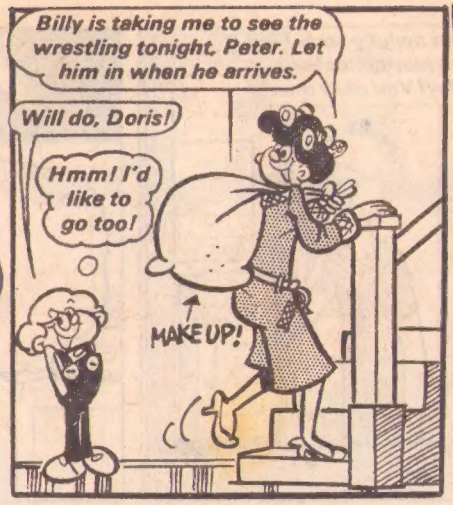
BANANAMAN

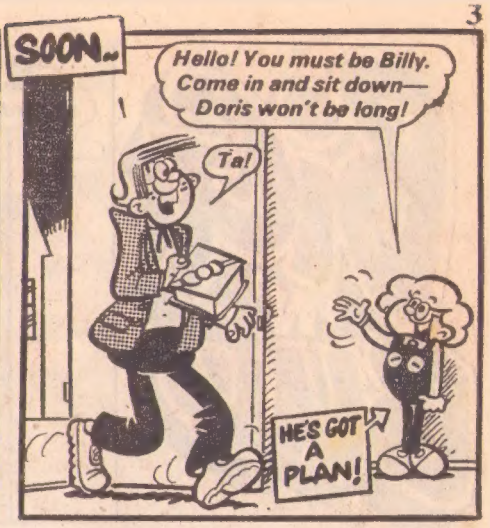

OUR HERO'S IN TROUBLE! LAST WEEK, BANANAMAN WAS LOCKED IN A CELL WITH A CRIMINAL IMPOSTOR. CAN HE PROVE HIS INNOCENCE?
If only I had a "NUTTY" comic with me!
Hey! I can prove I'm the real Bananaman!
You can? How?
THE IMPOSTOR
What about THAT then?
That's good enough for me! You're free to go!
I am the Genuine Bananaman Signed Me
AND SO—
The phoney has got clean away! The FIEND! How will I ever get out of here?
IF YOU READERS ARE WAITING FOR A FAIRY GODMOTHER TO APPEAR—FORGET IT! (ED.)
JUST THEN, THE EFFECTS OF HIS SPECIAL BANANA WEAR OFF AND OUR HERO CHANGES BACK TO ORDINARY SCHOOL-BOY, ERIC WIMP—
NEAT TRICK, HUH?
AND—
Out, you little 'orror! How did you get in here anyway?
BOOT
ERK! What a stroke of luck!
GULP! Sound the alarm! The phoney Bananaman is loose!
BACK AT THE HIDE-OUT—
I'll just feed all the info. I have into my computer.
AND—
Well, it could be Fox-face, but then again maybe not. What do YOU think?
Aw, forget it! Time for a special 'nana!

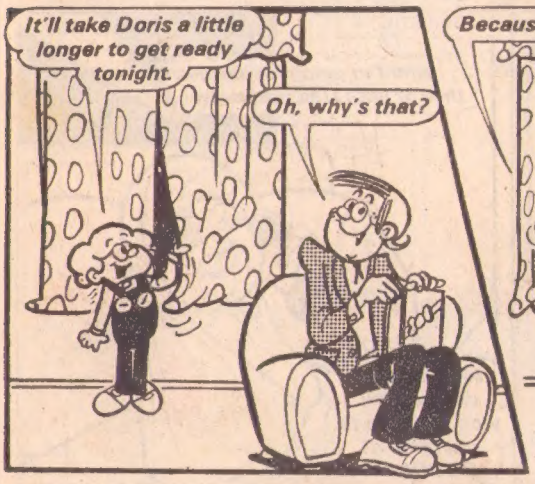
Turn to back page.

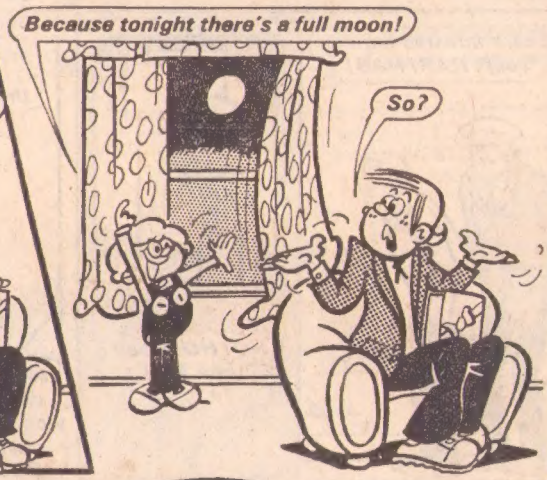

JAY R. HOOD
HE'S ANYTHING 'BUT GOOD!
Most folks hate this mean weather, but I love it!
You can get up to some pretty mean tricks. Watch this!
Hi, Jay R! Must be great to have a nice hat like that in this weather. Wish I had one!
Sorry, Percy—I can't supply you with a NICE hat . . .
. . . But I can give you an ICE one! HUR! HUR!
DOOF!
ZONK!
I'll just give him the SLIP now! 'Bye!
SLIP SLIP
BAH! I can't get going!
THEN—
WOOPS! Thanks, pal! I don't have any brakes!
WHUMP!
SNORT!
HUMPH! Some people have no sense of fun!
SECONDS LATER—
There he is! I'm gonna pulver . . . pulv . . . HIT him!
BUT—
YAAAARGH!
FLUMP!
AND—
HUR! HUR! It'll take a bigger bully than you to get the better of old Jay R!
ENTER ONE BIGGER BULLY—
HOI, YOU! THAT WAS MY SNOWMAN, THAT WAS!
Ulp!
READER'S VOICE
Looks like Jay R's trying that same trick again. I wonder if it'll work this time? HO! HO!
GRR! NO—IT DIDN'T!
BAH!
NTY 13.12.80

PETER Pest

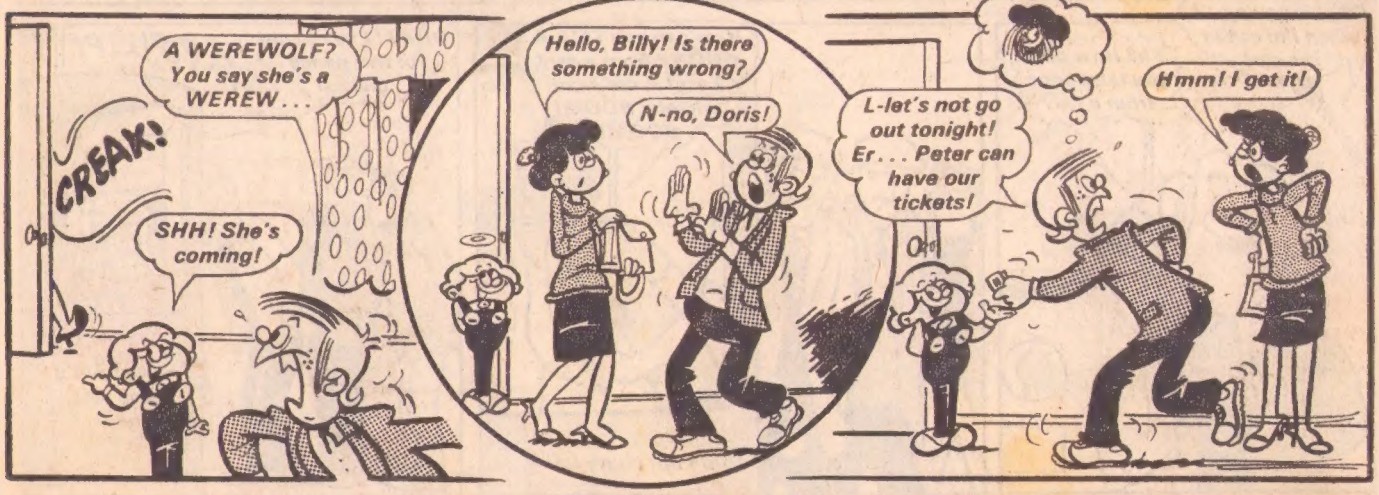

Billy is taking me to see the wrestling tonight, Peter. Let him in when he arrives.
Will do, Doris!
Hmm! I'd like to go too!
MAKE UP!


SOON...
Hello! You must be Billy. Come in and sit down— Doris won't be long!
Ta!
HE'S GOT A PLAN!


It'll take Doris a little longer to get ready tonight.
Oh, why's that?


Because tonight there's a full moon!
So?

We try to keep it quiet about Doris being a... WHISPER! WHISPER!...
!
HE'S UP TO SOMETHING!

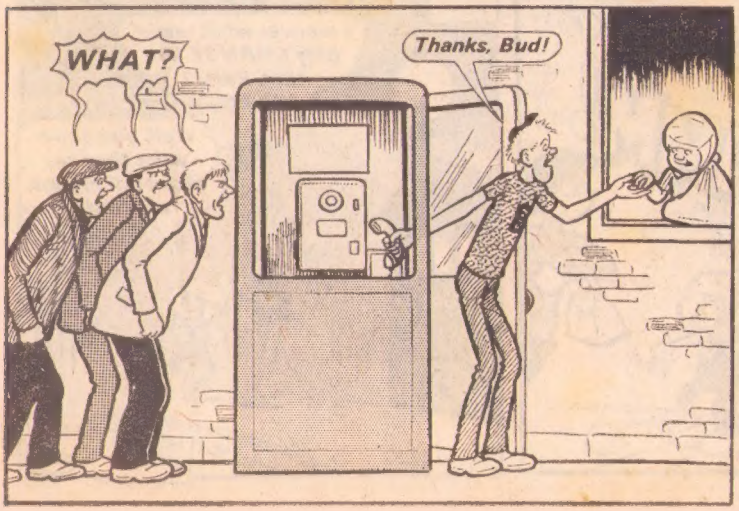

A WEREWOLF? You say she's a WEREW...
CREAK!
SHH! She's coming!
Hello, Billy! Is there something wrong?
N-no, Doris!
L-let's not go out tonight! Er... Peter can have our tickets!
Hmm! I get it!

This is all your doing, Pest. What have you been saying? GRRRRRR!
GULP! She's starting to change!

AND—
I'M OFF!
Eh?
SLAMM!
Er... pity to waste the tickets!

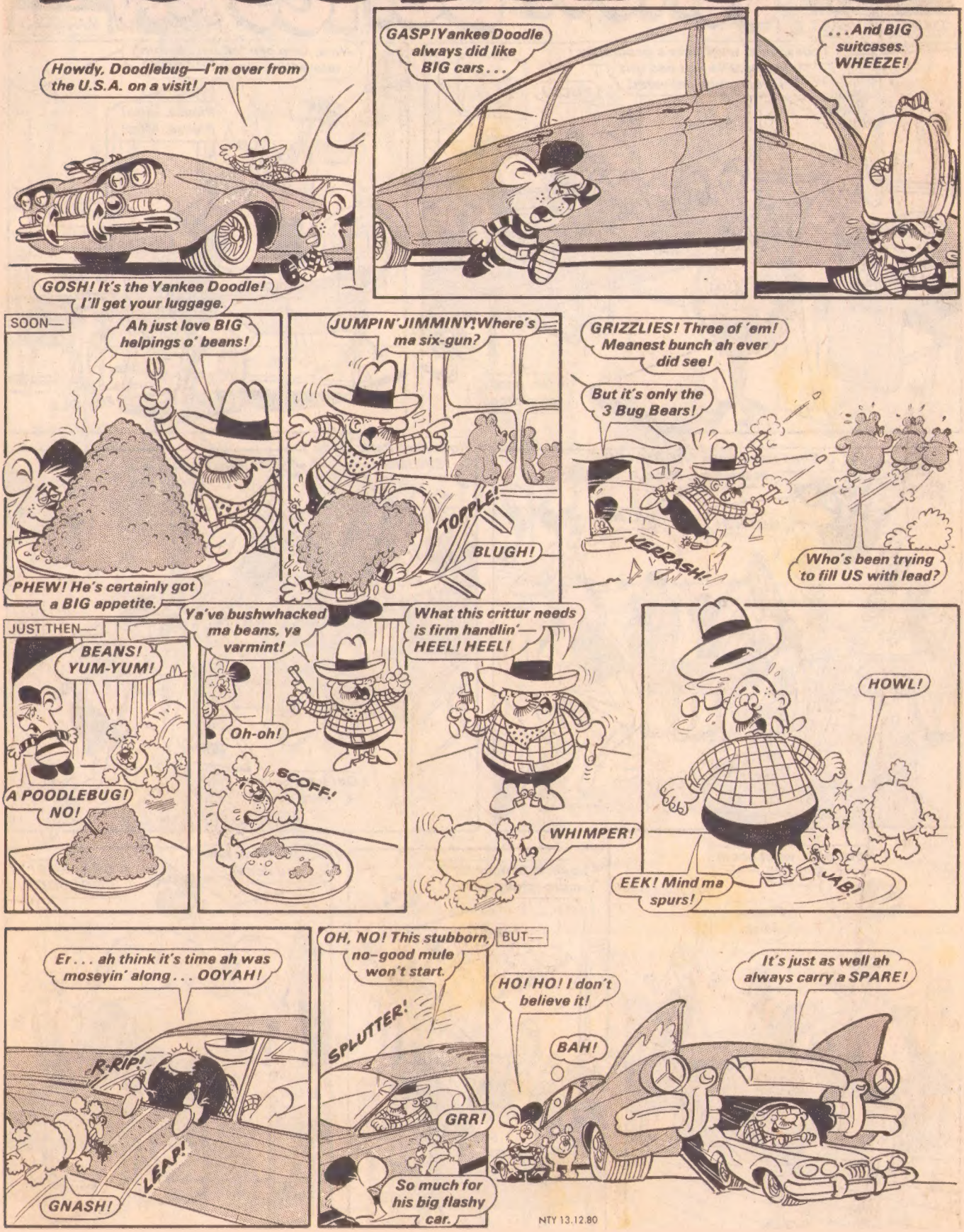
SO—
I wonder what made Billy CHANGE like that, Peter?
Well, you know what they say about full moons, eh, Doris?
HE GOT THE CHOCS AS WELL!
NTY 13.12.80

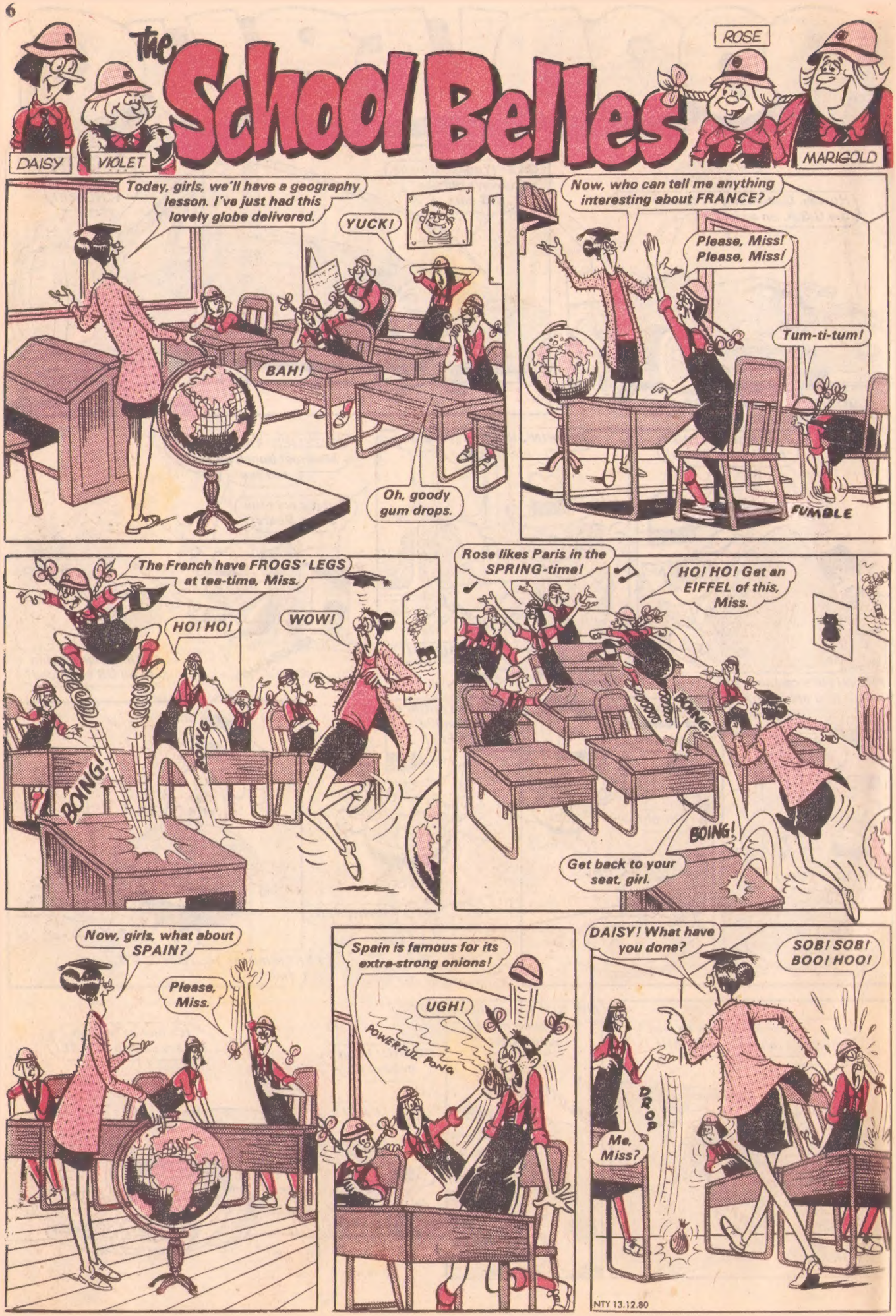
BIG 'N' BUD



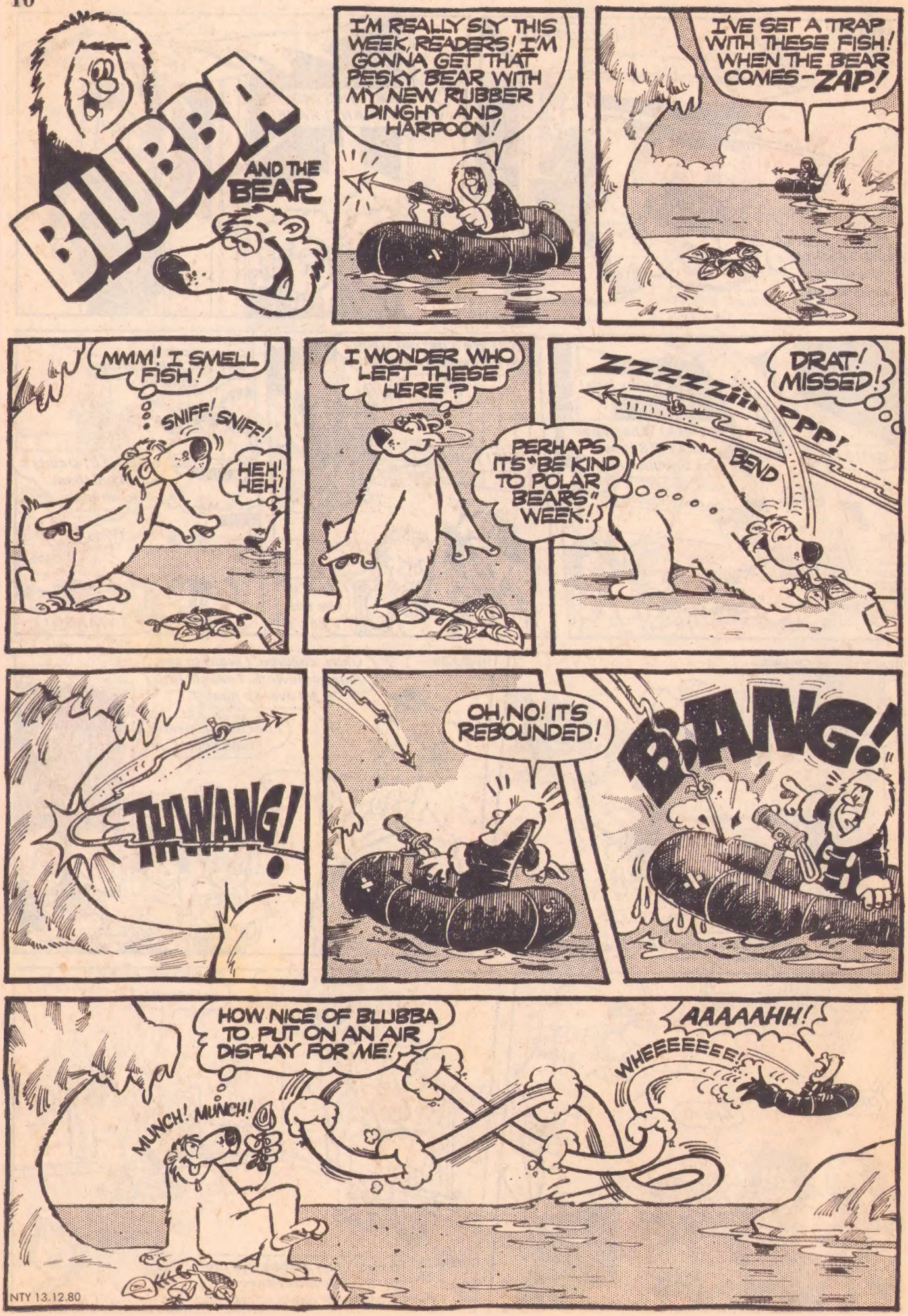
NTY 13.12.80

DOODLEBUG


Howdy, Doodlebug—I'm over from the U.S.A. on a visit!
GOSH! It's the Yankee Doodle! I'll get your luggage.
GASP! Yankee Doodle always did like BIG cars . . .
. . . And BIG suitcases. WHEEZE!
SOON—
Ah just love BIG helpings o' beans!
PHEW! He's certainly got a BIG appetite.
JUMPIN' JIMMINY! Where's ma six-gun?
TOPPLE!
BLUGH!
GRIZZLIES! Three of 'em! Meanest bunch ah ever did see!
But it's only the 3 Bug Bears!
KERRASH!
Who's been trying to fill US with lead?
JUST THEN—
BEANS! YUM-YUM!
A POODLEBUG! NO!
Ya've bushwhacked ma beans, ya varmint!
Oh-oh!
SCOFF!
What this crittur needs is firm handlin'— HEEL! HEEL!
WHIMPER!
HOWL!
EEK! Mind ma spurs!
JAB!
Er . . . ah think it's time ah was moseyin' along . . . OOYAH!
R-RIP!
LEAP!
GNASH!
OH, NO! This stubborn, no-good mule won't start.
SPLUTTER!
GRR!
So much for his big flashy car.
BUT—
HO! HO! I don't believe it!
BAH!
It's just as well ah always carry a SPARE!
NTY 13.12.80

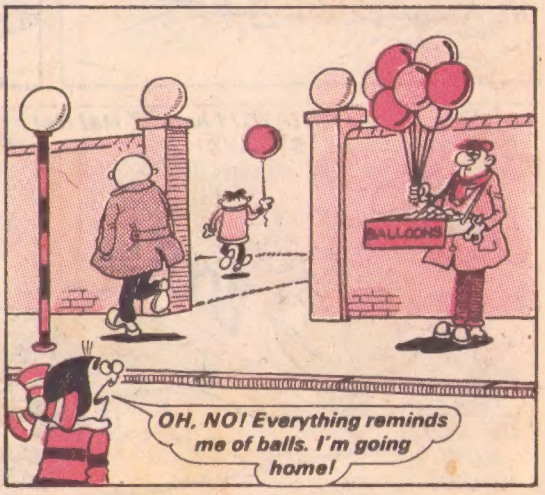

The School Belles
DAISY
VIOLET
ROSE
MARIGOLD
Today, girls, we'll have a geography lesson. I've just had this lovely globe delivered.
YUCK!
BAH!
Oh, goody gum drops.
Now, who can tell me anything interesting about FRANCE?
Please, Miss! Please, Miss!
Tum-ti-tum!
FUMBLE
The French have FROGS' LEGS at tea-time, Miss.
HO! HO!
WOW!
BOING!
BOING!
Rose likes Paris in the SPRING-time!
HO! HO! Get an EIFFEL of this, Miss.
BOING!
BOING!
Get back to your seat, girl.
Now, girls, what about SPAIN?
Please, Miss.
Spain is famous for its extra-strong onions!
UGH!
POWERFUL PONG
DAISY! What have you done?
SOB! SOB! BOO! HOO!
DROP
Me, Miss?
NTY 13.12.80

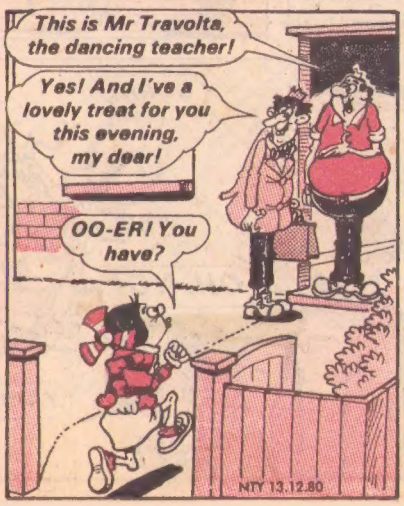
What is NIAGARA famous for, Daisy?
Um, er . . .
. . . Of course! Its FALLS, Miss!
YEEOW!
SKID
WHUMP!
SHORTLY—
Now, girls, I'd like to know about ITALY!
Please, Miss.
I'm getting rather peckish.
HO! HO! Marigold knows about Italy—she's got a LEANING TOWER OF PIZZA!
MARIGOLD!
YUM! YUM!
WOBBLE!
SOON—
Who'll get down the book on "The Mountains Of Tibet"?
Me, Miss! I beg you, PLEASE!
YAH!
Teacher's pet!
I'll have it down in a jiffy, Miss. Don't you worry, Miss.
She makes me sick!
Thank you, Cynthia.
I've got it, Miss.
GOOD SHOT, VOILET!
CLANG!
HELP!
HA! HA! Cynthia's really on top of the WORLD when it comes to geography.
Cynthia! How dare you!
TROT! TROT!
RUMBLE!
Cynthia's a real GLOBE-TROTTER now, Miss.
NTY 13.12.80

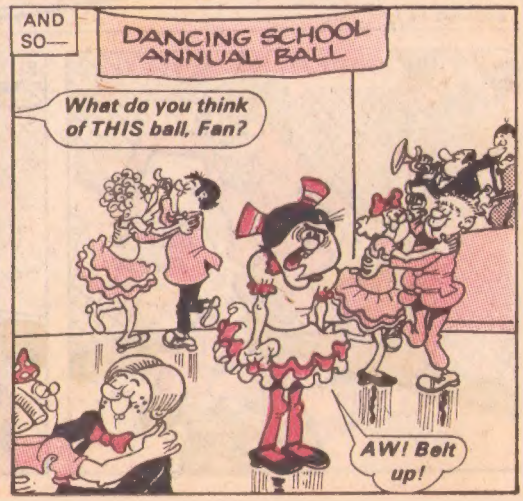

BLUBBA
AND THE BEAR
I'M REALLY SLY THIS WEEK, READERS! I'M GONNA GET THAT PESKY BEAR WITH MY NEW RUBBER DINGHY AND HARPOON!
I'VE SET A TRAP WITH THESE FISH! WHEN THE BEAR COMES - ZAP!
MMM! I SMELL FISH!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
HEH! HEH!
I WONDER WHO LEFT THESE HERE?
PERHAPS IT'S "BE KIND TO POLAR BEARS" WEEK!
ZZZZZiiiiPPP!
BEND
DRAT! MISSED!
THWANG!
OH, NO! IT'S REBOUNDED!
BANG!
HOW NICE OF BLUBBA TO PUT ON AN AIR DISPLAY FOR ME!
MUNCH! MUNCH!
AAAAAHH!
WHEEEEEEE!
NTY 13.12.80

SPORTS FAN

'SME!







THE WILD ROVERS

HUNK · MAGNUS PEEK · SINGH SONGH · PATCH · LADY

DOGSBODY · SILLY VILLY · TAFF · HAGGIS · BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

GROAN! Dogs on the telly now. I just can't forget about those pesky Wild Rovers. How can I catch them? HOW?

SHEEPDOG TRIALS

WORLD'S WORST DOG-CATCHER, BASIL CRUMB!

SUDDENLY—

THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT!

AND—

Wonder what Basil wants with my sheepdog?

HYUK! HYUK! I'll set a dog to catch some dogs.

LATER—

PHEEP!

Wonder who's whistling?

Who cares?

It's nothing to do with us.

YIKES! It's a sheepdog!

HELP!

GRR!

JINGS! Somebody tell it we're no' sheep!

This way, please!

It's Basil!

GROWL!

OH, NO!

DOG POUND

Wait a minute! That thing's only a dog like us—what are WE afraid of?

SCREECH!

We're afraid of HIM—that's what!

G-goodness g-gracious me!

GNASH!

WHIMPER!

M-MICHTY ME!

SUCCESS!

What's this?

HA! HA! Got you caged at last!

BASIL'S BOSS.

Why's this mutt not locked up then, eh, Crumb?

PUSH!

OOF! I can explain, sir!

STRAYS! I hate STRAYS!

Ha! Ha!

BOOT!

YELP!?!

OH, NO! NOW YOU'VE DONE IT!

He didn't take too kindly to that stray boot, sir!

WOW!

GRR!

ULP! He's got us surrounded!

RUFF! RUFF!

Oo-er!

Do something, Basil!

GNASH!

Um, er, yes . . .

. . . We could always panic, sir!

PANIC! That's it—good thinking, Crumb. WAAH!

BACK AT THE DOG POUND—

GRR!

HURRY! HURRY!

GASP!

SLAM!

MADE IT!

SAVED! PHEW!

BUT—

GURR!

ROAR!

OH, NO!

YAP! YAP!

McGROWL!

NTY 13.12.80

LET THEM OUT! LET THEM OUT!

Can't you do anything right, Crumb?

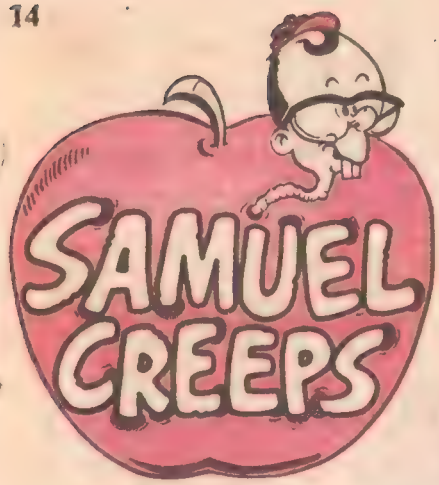
This is all your fault, Crumb! RANT! RAGE!

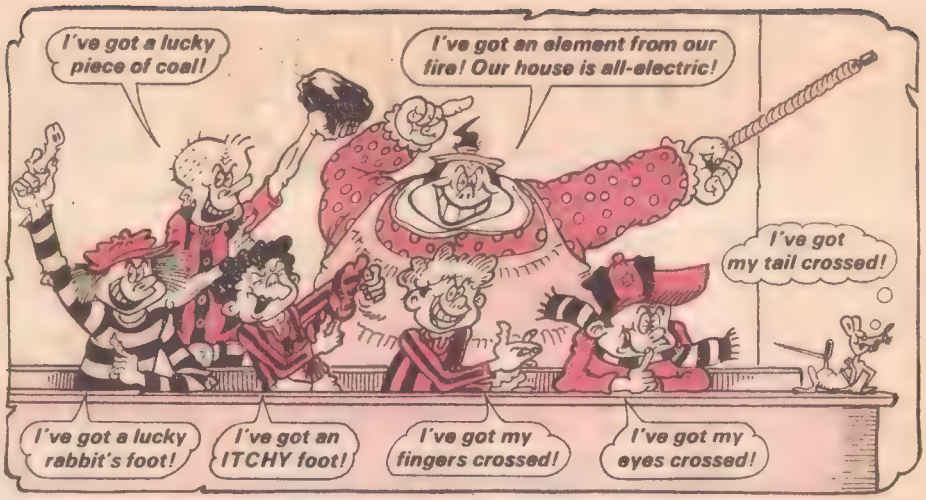
AW, BELT UP!

WOOF! WOOF!

YUK! YUK!

Now, that's what I call a happy ending!


SAMUEL CREEPS


I've got a lucky piece of coal!
I've got an element from our fire! Our house is all-electric!
I've got my tail crossed!
I've got a lucky rabbit's foot!
I've got an ITCHY foot!
I've got my fingers crossed!
I've got my eyes crossed!

And I'VE got your exam results!
THAT'S why we need all the good luck we can get!

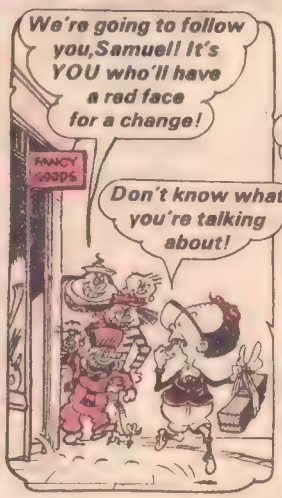
You lot's efforts were PATHETIC, as usual!
BLUSH
BLUSH

But Samuel got full marks in every subject, as usual!
SSSSSSSSS

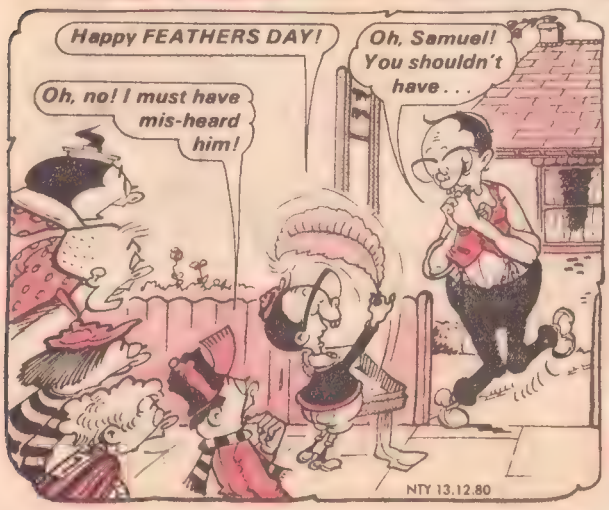
PLAYTIME—
Wonder what Creeps is saying?
CHITTER CHATTER
HMM!

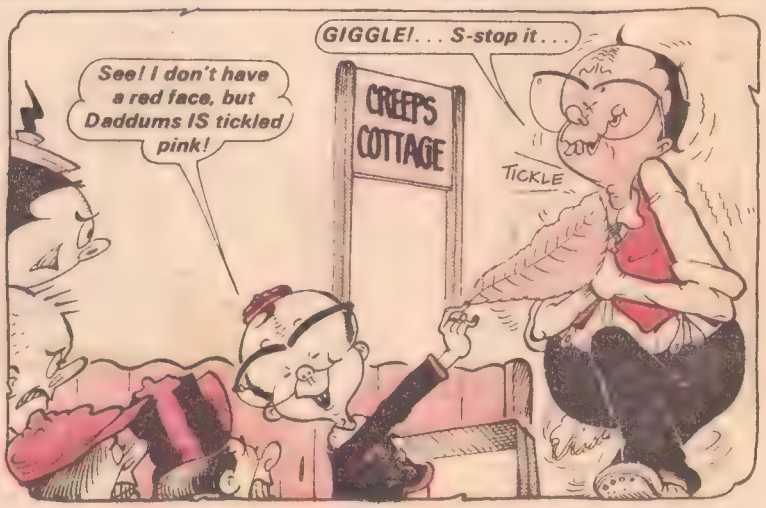
I heard Samuel say he's off to buy something for Father's Day! Even I know this isn't Father's Day!
He's got something wrong for once!

FANCY GOODS
He's going to buy his dad's gift! He'll look a proper fool!

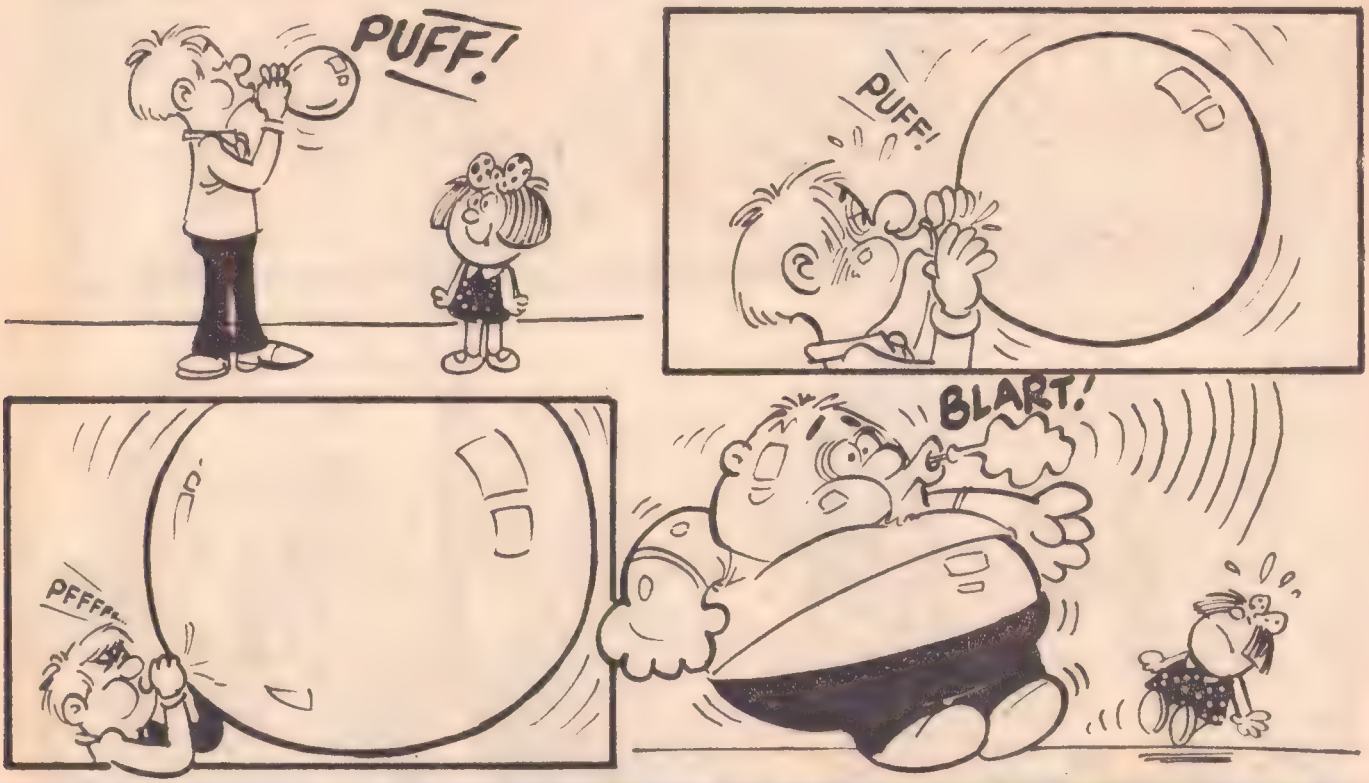

We're going to follow you, Samuel! It's YOU who'll have a red face for a change!
FANCY GOODS
Don't know what you're talking about!

I've got something for you, Daddums!
This should be funny!
CREEPS COTTAGE


Happy FEATHERS DAY!
Oh, Samuel! You shouldn't have . . .
Oh, no! I must have mis-heard him!
NTY 13.12.80


GIGGLE! . . . S-stop it . . .
See! I don't have a red face, but Daddums IS tickled pink!
CREEPS COTTAGE
TICKLE

NUTTY TALES



ADVERTISEMENT

HEE-HEE-THREE!

These fun-packed books are in the shops now.

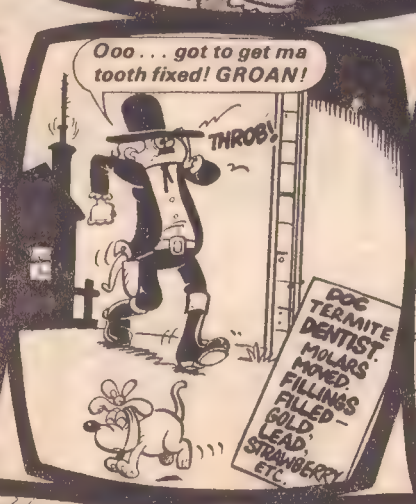
GET THEM, AND YOU'LL BE LAUGHING!

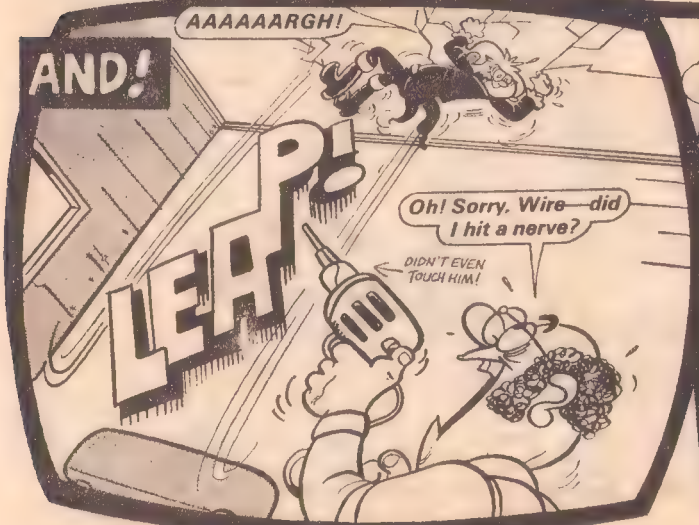
NTY 19·12·80

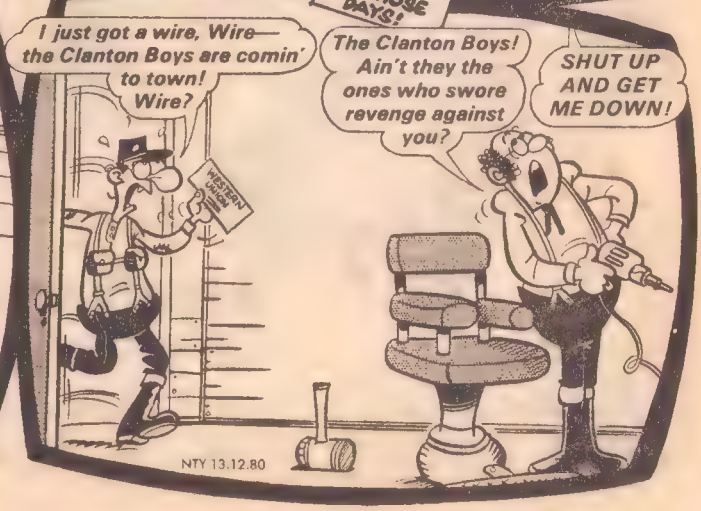
STEEVIE STAR

as SHERIFF WIRE TWERP in "SHOWDOWN at the O.K.CORRAL"

Shucks, son—it was only our bags making a rustlin' noise.
MMM! Cakes—mind if I have one?
Not at all, but I should warn you . . .
PASSING "EXTRA", HE WAS IN "THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY"...






I just got a wire, Wire—the Clanton Boys are comin' to town! Wire?
The Clanton Boys! Ain't they the ones who swore revenge against you?
SHUT UP AND GET ME DOWN!
NTY 13.12.80

SO, WIRE CALLS A MEETING OF THE TOWNSFOLK—
Since I've been here, I've come to think of you all as friends . . .
Us too, Wire!
RHUBARB!
RENTAPOSSE
RHUBARB!
. . . So I know you'll all be willing to help me . . .
Sure thing!
You name it, friend!
. . . Against the Clanton Boys!
THE C-CLANTON B-BOYS?
GULP!
RENTAPOSSE
GASP!
FRIGHT!
Those boys are t-tough!
Folks say they're sometimes late with their library books! GULP!
CRAZY HORSE HOTEL
NO HORSES, CHILDREN WELCOME
I just remembered! I gotta water ma horse!
RENTAPOSSE
And I gotta milk the cat!
ZOOOOM!
TONTO IS INNOCENT
Huh! I guess that just leaves you an' me, Doc! . . .
DOC??
Darnit?
?
GONE!
MEANWHILE—
O.K. CORRAL
THE CLANTON BOYS.
I sent a message for Twerp to meet us here for a showdown.
That doggone, yellow-bellied varmint daren't show his face!
OH, NO?
Throw down yer guns, you chicken-hearted coyotes!
HAW! HAW! What are you gonna do? BLOW US UP?
He's all HOT AIR! HAW! HAW!
BUT—
Take that! I knew them rock buns would come in handy!
SQUEEZE!
BLAST!
THUD!
BASH!
BIFF!
OOF!
SKWERK!
YEEK!
WELL I'LL BE BLOWED!
IT'S A PIECE OF CAKE, THIS ONE!
THEY'RE OUT FOR THE COUNT!
How's that for a BUNFIGHT at the O.K. corral—or should that be K.O. corral? Heh!
BURBLE!
NTY 13.12.80

SCOOPY

THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS.

That's me, folks!

SCOOPY HAS BEEN SENT TO GET A STORY ON THE FILMING OF THE LATEST BIG ACTION MOVIE, BUT ON ARRIVAL—

BEECHWOOD FILM STUDIOS
FILMING IN PROGRESS
NO ENTRY

KEEP OUT!
VISITORS UNWELCOME

FILMING "GANGSTERS IN TOYLAND"

GO AWAY
THIS MEANS YOU!

Huh! They can't keep ME out!

SO—

GERONIMO!

VAULT

YIKES!

BUT—

Made it—ERK!

SPROING!

FILM SET.

THEN—

WHIZZ!

WOOOAAAH!

What on . . ?

AND—

GET THAT DOG! START SHOOTING!

SHOOTING? Wow! Those boys mean business!

DIRECTOR

AND—

YAROOO!

I SAID, GET THAT DOG!

CRUMP!

MOMENTS LATER—

Thanks, Buddy!

" A silly-looking dog "? Yes, I saw him— he went thataway!

PHEW! Those guys look tough. I'll have to watch my step!

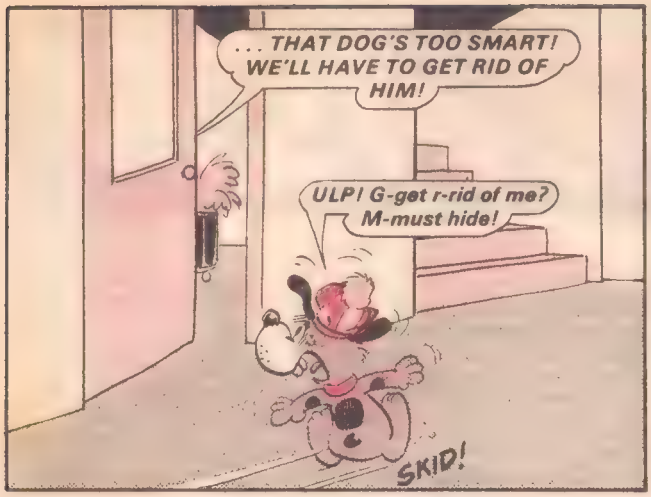
MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY ROOM, DOGS ARE AUDITIONING FOR THE PART OF " PEA-BRAIN, THE WORLD'S DUMBEST DOG "—

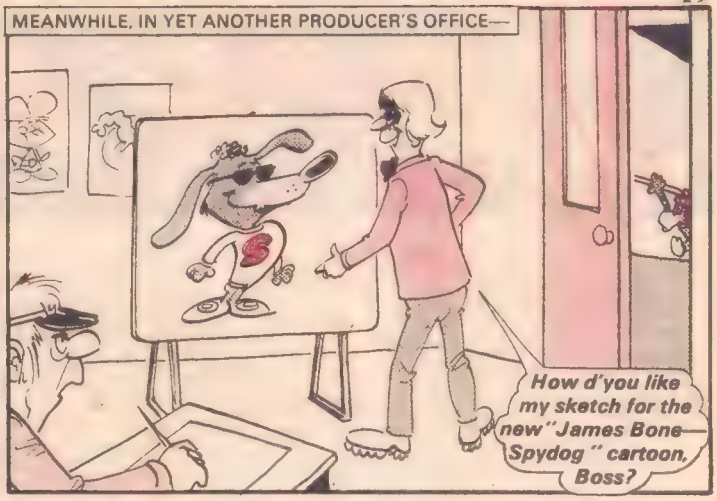
HOPEFUL SUPERSTARS!

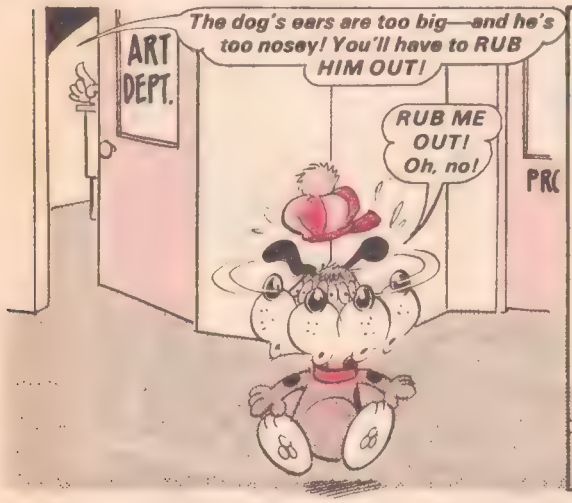
Alas, poor pot-plant! I knew it well . . .

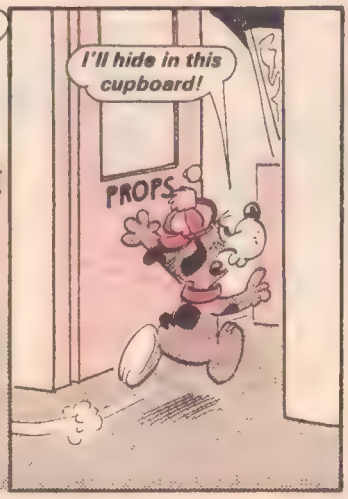
NO! NO . . !

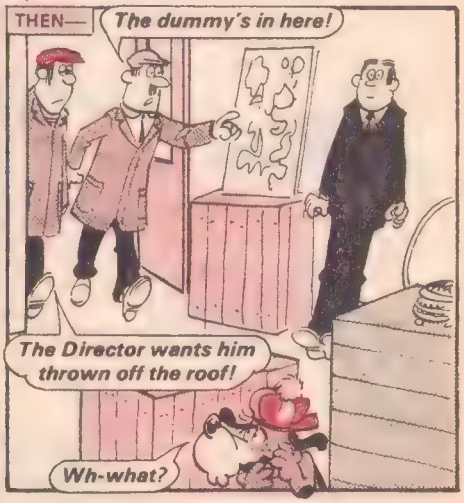
NTY 13.12.80

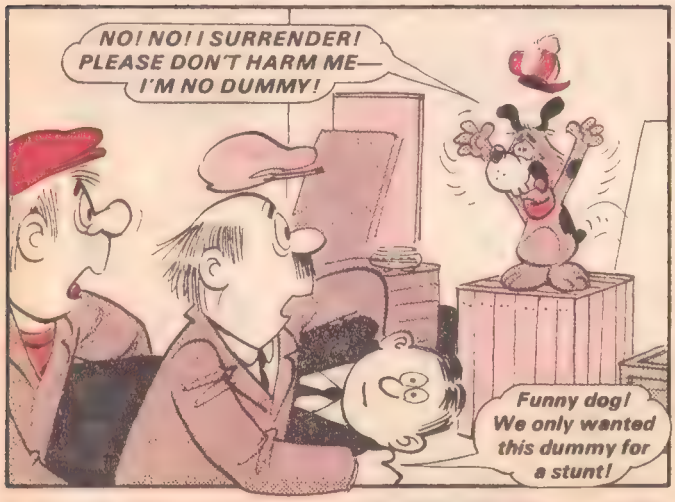

. . . THAT DOG'S TOO SMART! WE'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF HIM!
ULP! G-get r-rid of me? M-must hide!
SKID!

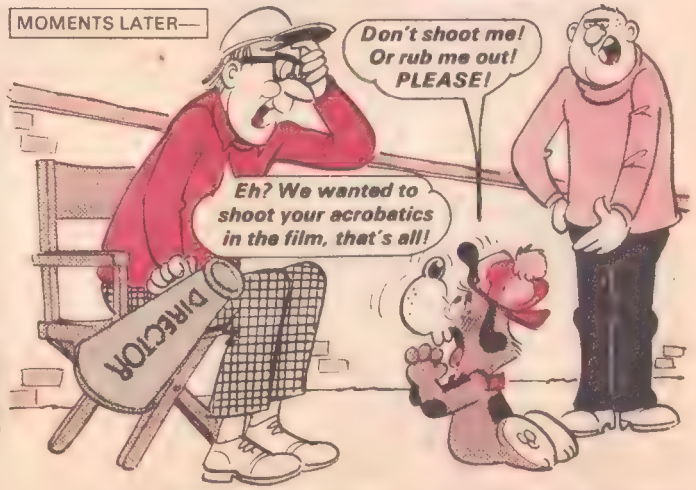

MEANWHILE, IN YET ANOTHER PRODUCER'S OFFICE—
How d'you like my sketch for the new "James Bone—Spydog" cartoon, Boss?


ART DEPT.
The dog's ears are too big—and he's too nosey! You'll have to RUB HIM OUT!
RUB ME OUT! Oh, no!


I'll hide in this cupboard!
PROPS


THEN—
The dummy's in here!
The Director wants him thrown off the roof!
Wh-what?


NO! NO! I SURRENDER! PLEASE DON'T HARM ME— I'M NO DUMMY!
Funny dog! We only wanted this dummy for a stunt!

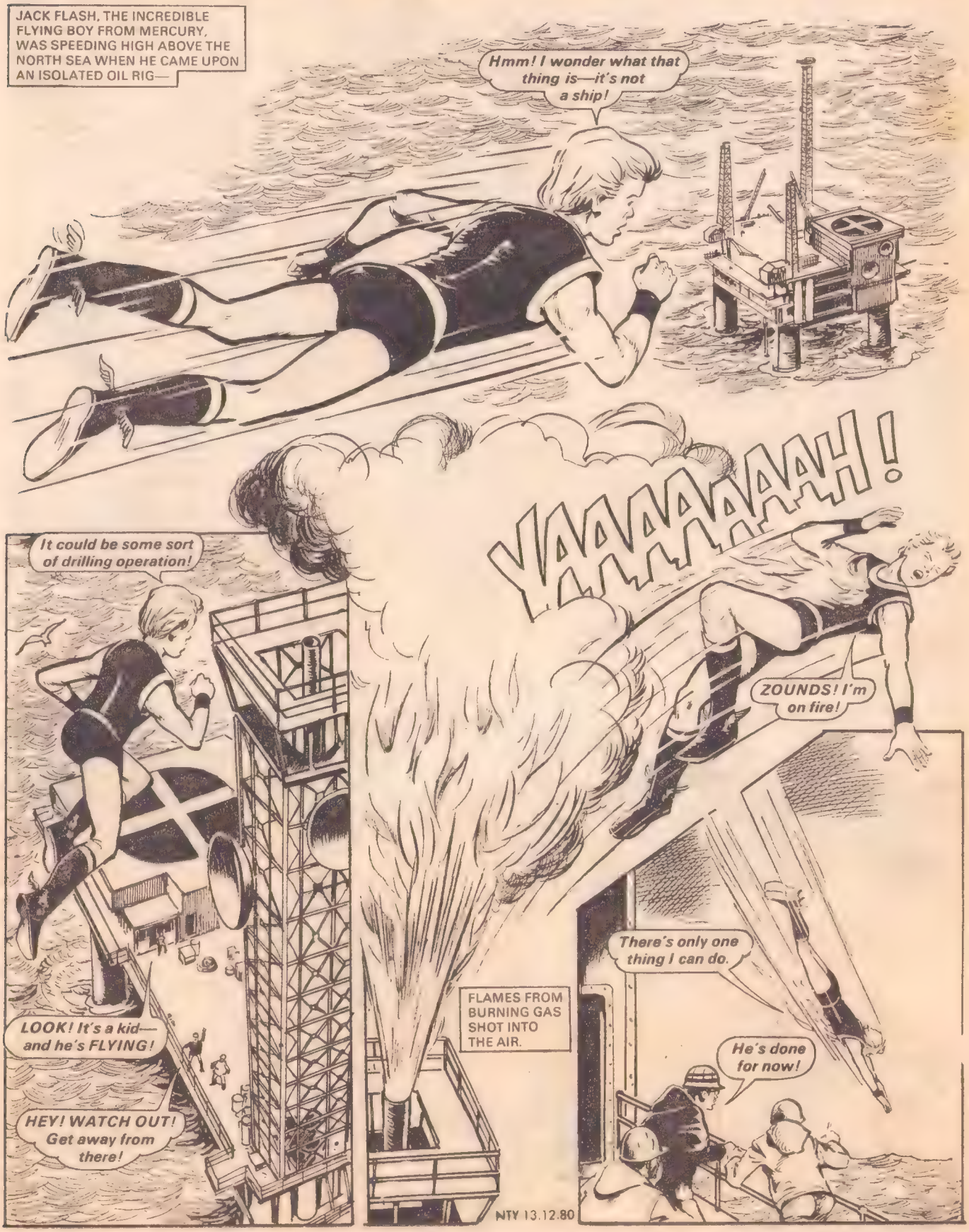

MOMENTS LATER—
Don't shoot me! Or rub me out! PLEASE!
Eh? We wanted to shoot your acrobatics in the film, that's all!
DIRECTOR

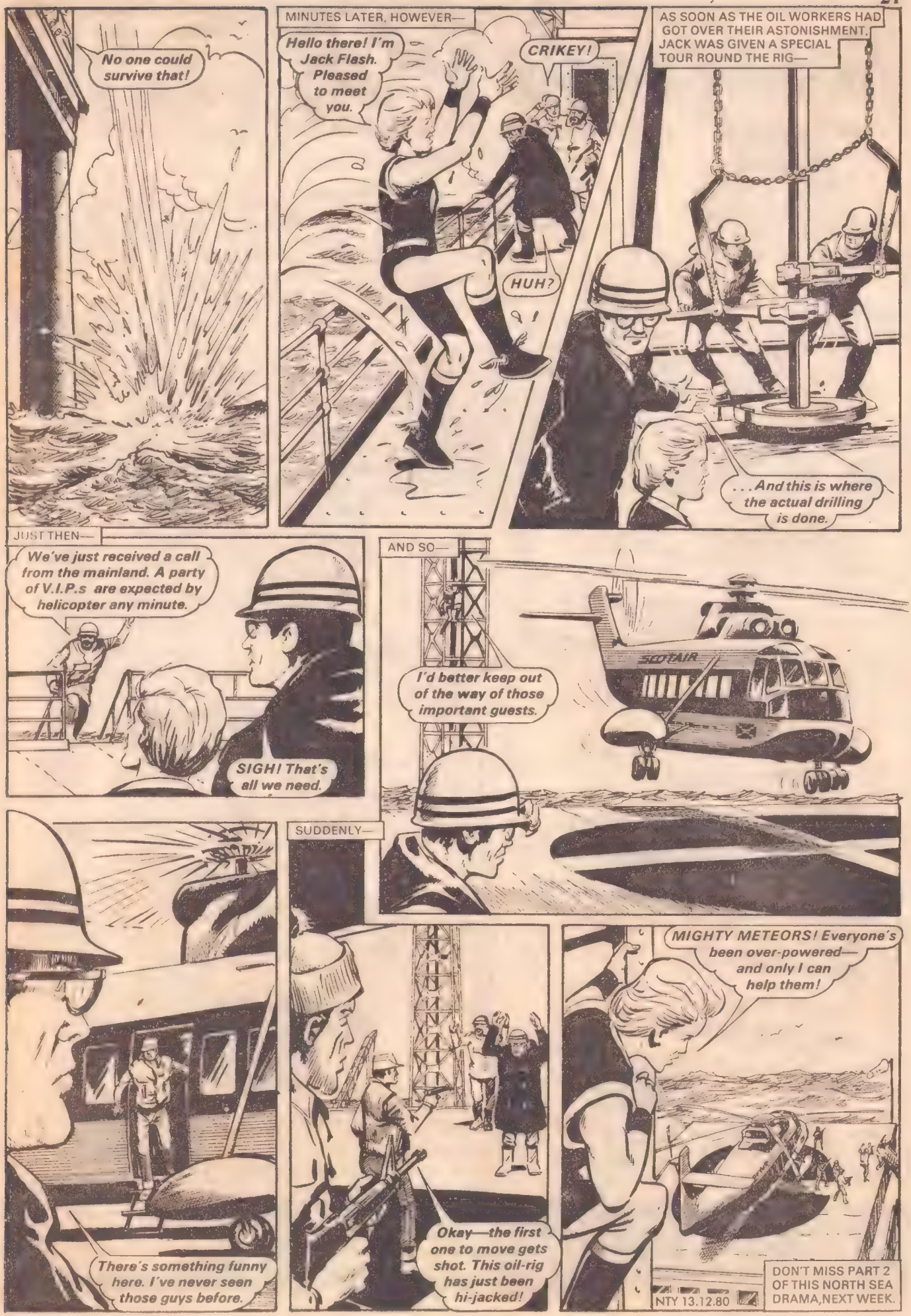
GOSH! I'M A STAR!

WELL, ALMOST!
I knew as soon as I saw you that you'd make a great stunt man . . . er—dog! Now, JUMP!
GULP! I g-guess that's show-biz!
NTY 13.12.80

SEE YOU NEXT W E E E E E K!

JACK FLASH


JACK FLASH, THE INCREDIBLE FLYING BOY FROM MERCURY, WAS SPEEDING HIGH ABOVE THE NORTH SEA WHEN HE CAME UPON AN ISOLATED OIL RIG—
Hmm! I wonder what that thing is—it's not a ship!
It could be some sort of drilling operation!
YAAAAAAAAAH!
ZOUNDS! I'm on fire!
LOOK! It's a kid—and he's FLYING!
HEY! WATCH OUT! Get away from there!
FLAMES FROM BURNING GAS SHOT INTO THE AIR.
There's only one thing I can do.
He's done for now!
NTY 13.12.80


No one could survive that!
MINUTES LATER, HOWEVER—
Hello there! I'm Jack Flash. Pleased to meet you.
CRIKEY!
HUH?
AS SOON AS THE OIL WORKERS HAD GOT OVER THEIR ASTONISHMENT, JACK WAS GIVEN A SPECIAL TOUR ROUND THE RIG—
. . . And this is where the actual drilling is done.
JUST THEN—
We've just received a call from the mainland. A party of V.I.P.s are expected by helicopter any minute.
SIGH! That's all we need.
AND SO—
I'd better keep out of the way of those important guests.
SCOTAIR
SUDDENLY—
There's something funny here. I've never seen those guys before.
Okay—the first one to move gets shot. This oil-rig has just been hi-jacked!
MIGHTY METEORS! Everyone's been over-powered—and only I can help them!
NTY 13.12.80
DON'T MISS PART 2 OF THIS NORTH SEA DRAMA, NEXT WEEK.

Doodlebug's POSTBAG

WIN £2 pocket money postal orders for every letter (or "doodle") printed on this page.

Dear Doodlebug,

My little brother once went on a school trip to the Peak District. He was shown how to tell the age of a tree which had been cut down, by the rings on the inside of its trunk.

When he came home for tea, he refused to eat his roly-poly pudding because he said it was two years old!

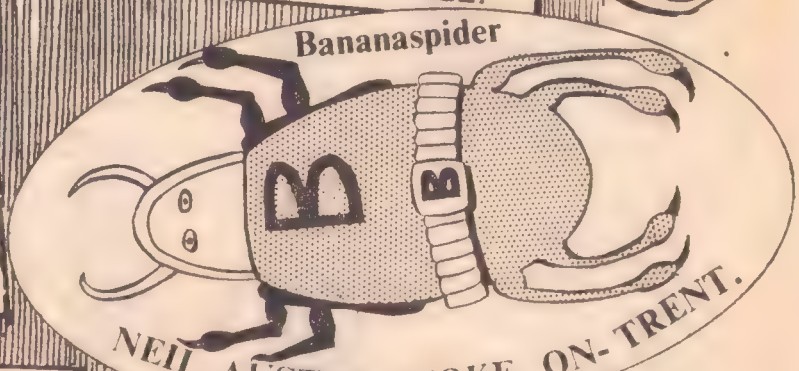
MICHAEL SHEPHERD, CARLISLE.

That's a TREE-mendous story, Michael. I hope your brother was only j-OAK-ing when he said that!

JOKES

"Doctor! Doctor! My friend keeps thinking he's a lift!"
"Well, send him right up!"

PAUL BRENNAN, CO. DOWN.



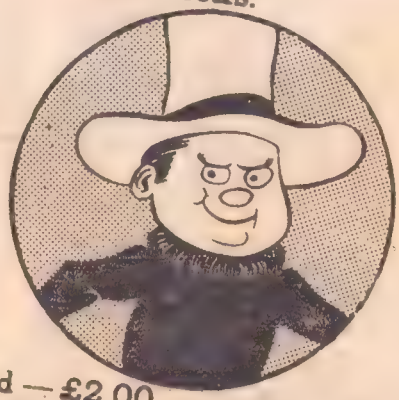
NEIL AUSTIN, STOKE-ON-TRENT.

Michael:—"Could you tell me the way to Bath?"
Policeman:—"Well, I usually use soap and water!"

MICHAEL JACKSON, KEIGHLEY.

WANTED

Jay R. Hood
For nicking people's sweets and doing dirty tricks.



Reward — £2.00
Go to Nutty ED if you have any information.

SARA PEARSON, LEEDS

What television programme do birds watch?
Coronation TWEET!

STEVEN HUGHES,
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD.

Really, Steven? I suppose they watch the FEATHER forecast as well!

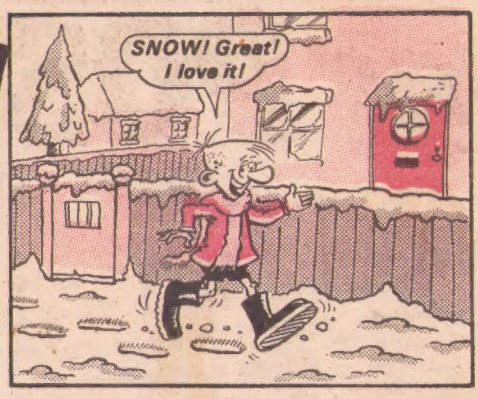
Nty 13-12-80

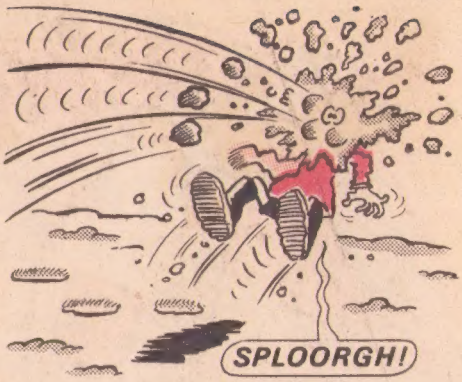
P.S. I've got him hidden so send me £2.00 or else.

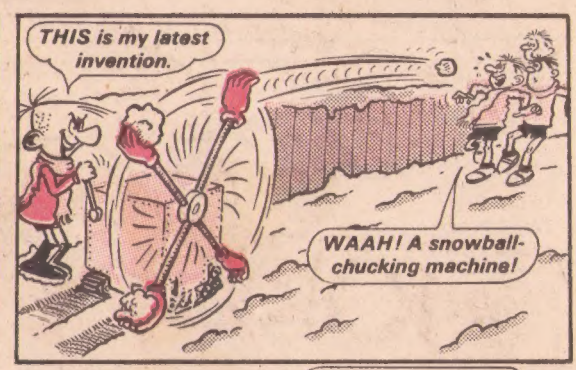
Don't forget to include your name and address when writing to Doodlebug!

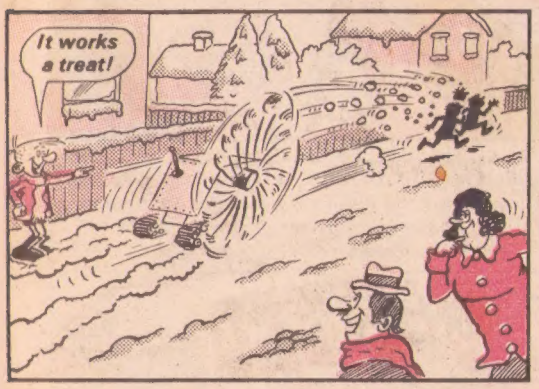
Send your "doodles," jokes, etc. (postcards are better) to me; Doodlebug, "NUTTY," P.O. BOX 263, 20 Cathcart St., Kentish Town, London, NW5 3BN. Remember—£2 Postal Order for every one printed. Don't dilly-dally—DOODLE!

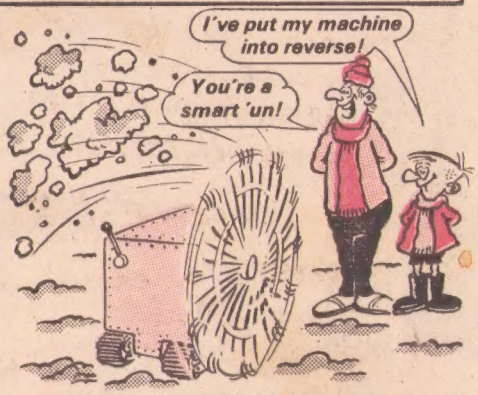
WACKY
The CRACKPOT INVENTOR

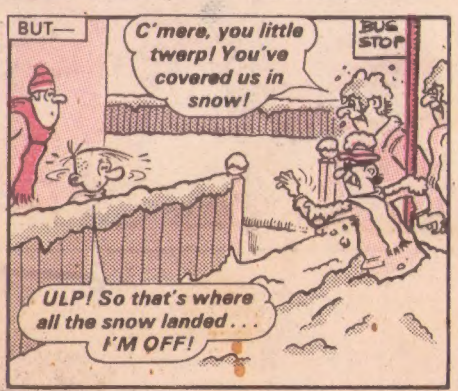


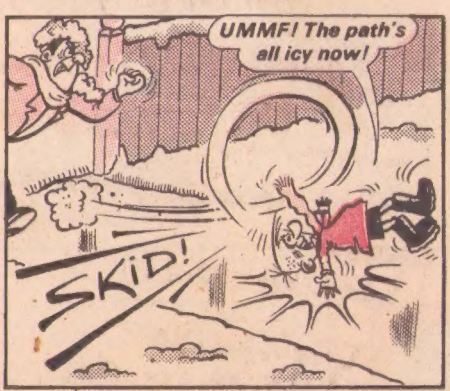


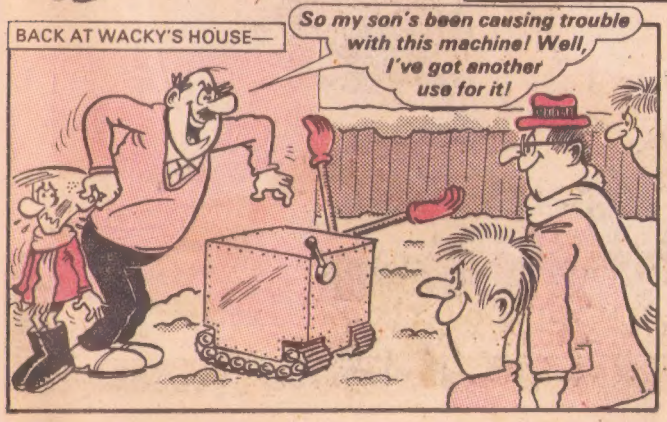


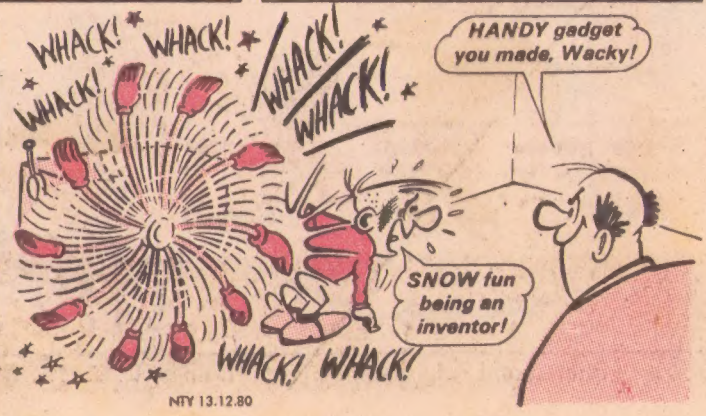






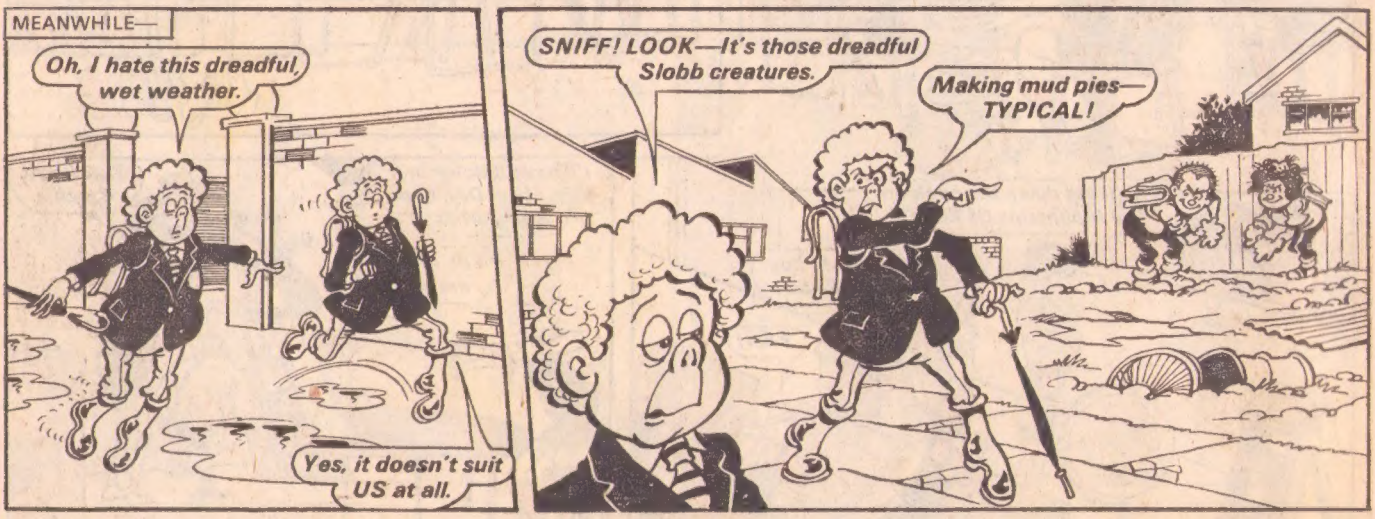


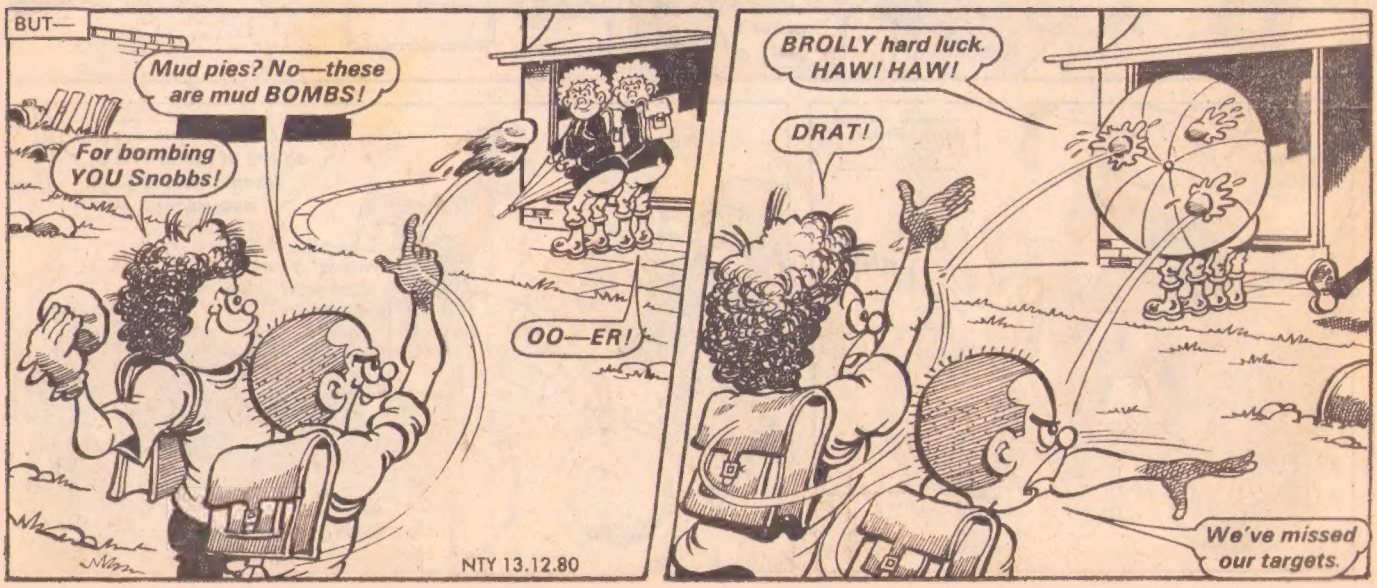




NTY 13.12.80

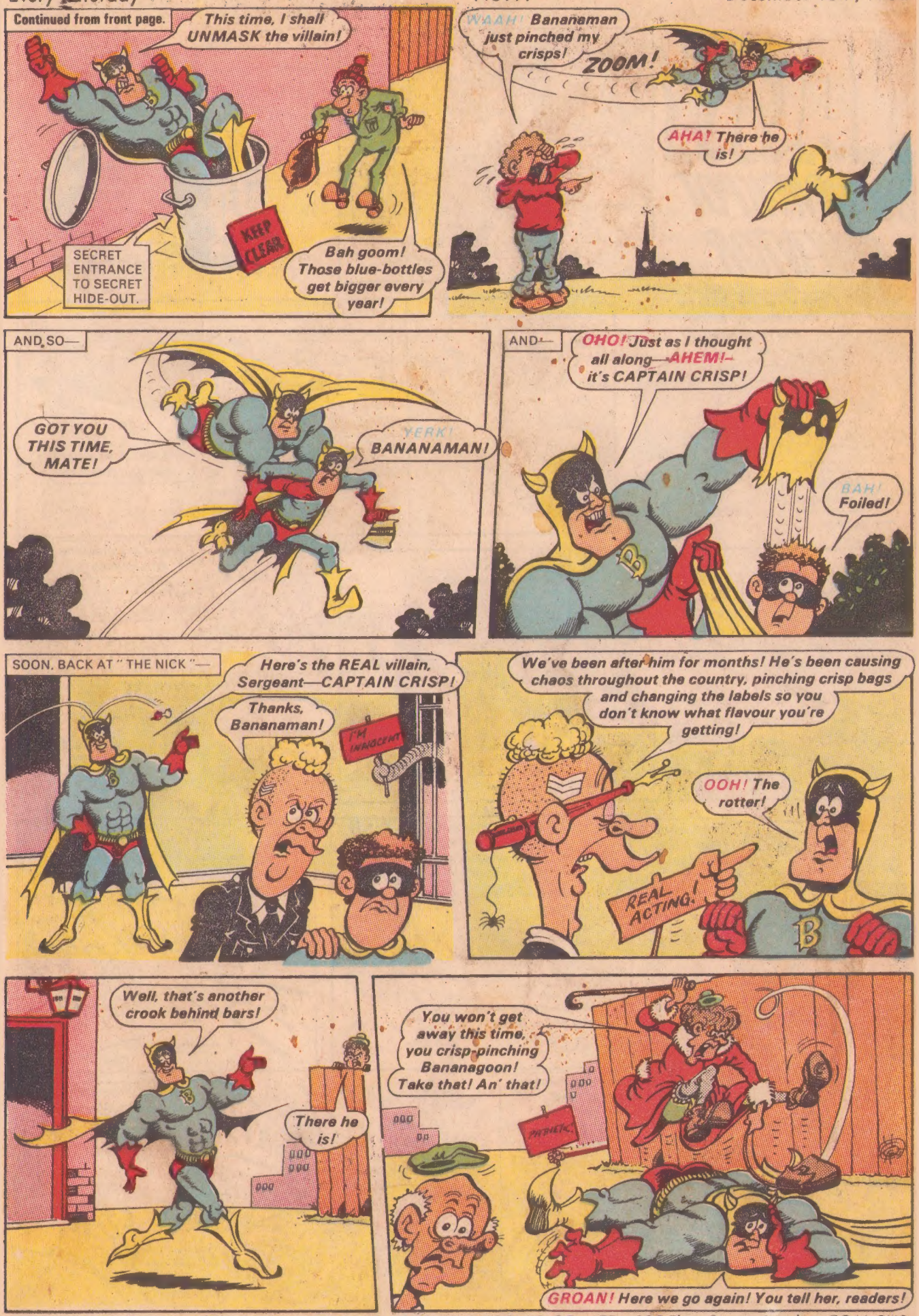
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS


MEANWHILE—
Oh, I hate this dreadful, wet weather.
Yes, it doesn't suit US at all.
SNIFF! LOOK—It's those dreadful Slobb creatures.
Making mud pies—TYPICAL!



NTY 13.12.80

OH-OH!
GLUMPHT!
GOSH! The Slobbs have really done it now.
PROD!
GRR! WHO DID THAT? RANT! RAVE!
SPLOSH!
Pesky kids!
HA! HA! What a pair of WETS those Snobbs are.
GLUG!
GRR! We'll get our Daddy to jolly well fix you lot!
YUK! YUK!
That'll be the day.
JUST THEN—
See you at lunch-time, children.
HEE-HEE! Daddy's fixed them already.
WHOOSH!
WAAGH!
PRESENTLY, AT SCHOOL—
SCRUFFY OAFS!
SOPPY TWERPS!
IN CLASS—
Okay, children, I want to see your homework. I expect it to be ever so neat.
I bet ours is neater than yours!
Never!
NUTTY IS ACE!
BUT—
Your books are DISGRACEFUL!
Oh, dear!
Ahum!
NTY 13.12.80
BAH! This is all your fault!
GRR! It's your fault!
HO! HO! The Slobbs and the Snobbs are always STEAMED UP about something!


Continued from front page.
This time, I shall UNMASK the villain!
KEEP CLEAR
SECRET ENTRANCE TO SECRET HIDE-OUT.
Bah goom! Those blue-bottles get bigger every year!
WAAH! Bananaman just pinched my crisps!
ZOOM!
AHA! There he is!
AND SO—
GOT YOU THIS TIME, MATE!
YERK!
BANANAMAN!
AND—
OHO! Just as I thought all along—AHEM!—it's CAPTAIN CRISP!
BAH! Foiled!
SOON, BACK AT " THE NICK "—
Here's the REAL villain, Sergeant—CAPTAIN CRISP!
Thanks, Bananaman!
I'M INNOCENT
We've been after him for months! He's been causing chaos throughout the country, pinching crisp bags and changing the labels so you don't know what flavour you're getting!
OOH! The rotter!
REAL ACTING!
Well, that's another crook behind bars!
There he is!
You won't get away this time, you crisp-pinching Bananagoon! Take that! An' that!
PATHETIC
GROAN! Here we go again! You tell her, readers!

Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 185 Fleet Street, London, EC4A 2HS
© D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 1980.